

NOTORIETY:

A
COMEDY.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL,

COVENT-GARDEN,

By FREDERICK REYNOLDS.

LONDON

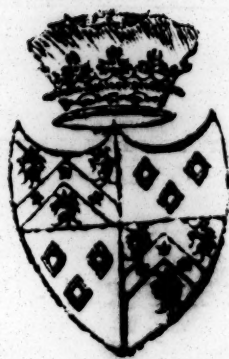
PRINTED BY W. WOODFALL :

AND SOLD BY T. N. LONGMAN, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1793.

NOTORIE

DE



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Nominal, - - - - - Mr. LEWIS.
Col. Hubbub (*his Guardian*) Mr. QUICK.
Sir Andrew Acid, - - - Mr. WILSON.
Lord Jargon, - - - - Mr. MUNDEN.
Clairville (*his Brother*) - Mr. FARREN.
Saunter, - - - - - Mr. DAVIES.
James, - - - - - Mr. FARLEY.
O'Whack, - - - - - Mr. JOHNSTONE.

Lady Acid, - - - - - Mrs. WEBB.
Sophia Strangeways }
(*Ward to Sir Andrew*) } Mrs. WELLS.
Honorina (*Niece to Col. Hubbub*) Mrs. ESTEN.

SCENE—*London.*

PROLOGUE.

Written by ROBERT MERRY, *Esq.*

OF all professions which have claim to pity,
The worst is his, who lives by being witty ;
For with light purse, spare diet, and small glee,
'Tis very hard to make a Comedy.
Rich men, and Lords, may write extremely fine,
Give Claret and Champagne in ev'ry line ;
But our poor Author, of a different fort,
Fears he can only offer humble Port.
Yet, as his guests have sometimes shown him favour,
He hopes, tho' it be new, you'll like the flavour.
Oh ! think an instant on a writer's pains,
Who, for your entertainment, racks his brains ;
Whole months alone, in chamber full of smoke,
He sits with sighs to meditate the joke ;
And far remov'd from mirthful recreation,
Labours to find a comic situation.
'Tis surely somewhat difficult to seize
The moment *when*, the manner *how* to please ;
For snarling Critics, wond'rous wise and able,
Pronounce it trick to hide beneath a table ;
Or if a buck-basket we now should show,
They'd say, " the sad buffoonery was low."
To make you laugh they deem a heinous crime,
Condemn all stage-effect, as Pantomime ;
And still demand, what never was display'd,
A perfect piece, or light without a shade.

PROLOGUE.

In spite of this, our agonizing Bard,
Seeks from your hands, his noblest, best reward;
And dares, regardless of illib'ral strife,
Expose the fopperies of *modern life*.
But if (that you some novelty may see)
He should outstep fair nature's modesty,
Reflect how often the Dramatic mines
Have ransack'd been, of ev'ry gem that shines;
Nor let on him your hasty censures fall,
Who would be, if he cou'd, *original*.

EPILOGUE.

Written by MILES PETER ANDREWS, *Esq.*

And Spoken by Mr. LEWIS, *in the Character of* NOMINAL.

ONCE more, my friends, here's Nominal the glorious,
Again attempting to be more notorious.

What's life without it? Ask the Buck, the Wit;
The fashion'd Peer, and the no-fashion'd Cit.
Renown's the word---Men, Women, Girls and Boys,
Write, fight, game, drink, and dress to make a noise.
"Dam'me, I'm up to that, cries Bobby Crop,
"No fellow in the town shall me out-top;
"I'll have a dock as close as young Lord Wizen,
"For dam'me, an't my head as thick as his'n?"
Then, like a fighting cock, trimm'd short and bare,
He mounts his spurs, and crows away---look there!
What crowds of desp'rate heroes fall for fame,
And lose their characters to raise a name.

See the fine wife of some plain country 'Squire,
To ev'ry town-bred folly swift aspire---
See her each night, with all the force she's able,
Fly to be talk'd of at the Faro table---
Fat Mrs. Duckleg whispers to her spouse,
Why, Hubby, love, I knows now what I knows.
Look what a thriving man is neighbour Wittle,
It's all because his wife shows off a little.
Had I fine clothes, I have a manner too,
And you might hold your head as others do.
But coopt up thus, like a meer hoddie-doddy,
Nobody knows that one is any body.

Thus

EPILOGUE.

'Tuhs wide diffus'd thro' all this bustling town
Reigns the strong principle of being known---
Above the rest---amongst the wits most witty,
In dress and talk, 's your Jemmy from the city.
His coat, by some unlucky taylor trusted,
Hangs off his back, as going to be dusted ;
While in the Upper Boxes, fully known,
He sports a language which is quite his own.

" Eh, Jack! On Change to day? How goes Lot. Tick? }

" Ha---seen Bob's Curricl---it goes curst quick. }

" The Builder says---'twixt us---it goes on tick--- }

" Been dipping, hey, at Margate or at Brighton ?

" Touch'd ten last night, and ev'ry one a light one.

" Hey, Tom, how do?---Oh, is that you, Dick Docket!

" You've stole my stick---No, damme, it's in my pocket."

There's proof enough, we trust you will agree,

That life's great aim, is Notoriety.

Our Bard and I, acknowledge both this feature,

And hope we shall be known by your good nature.

Richard D. Hughes

NOTORIETY:

A

C O M E D Y.

A C T I.

SCENE, *An Apartment at Sir ANDREW'S—
Two Doors open in Flat—Bells ring.*

Enter JAMES from Door, and another Servant.

JAMES.

RUN—fly—scamper—Don't you hear the
company are breaking up?—Call Lord
Jargon's carriage.

*Lady ACID appears at Door, curtsying as if taking
leave of somebody.*

Lady A. Good night, my Lord—Delightful
man! I am determined he shall be in possession
B of

of Honoria—if it's only in return for his attachment to me.—James, call up the carriages, and see the company disposed of—I'm so fatigued!—Heigho!—Seven o'clock again! I hav'nt been to bed any sooner this fortnight.

Sir ANDREW (without).

Sir Andr. Where are all the servants?

(Without)

Lady A. Here's my fretful husband just got up! He's so old-fashioned, and so sour—He's never pleased, but when others are vexed—and never unhappy, but when his friends are happy.

Enter Sir ANDREW, in Night-Gown and Cap.

So, my life!—just got up, I suppose?

Sir Andr. So, my soul—just going to bed, I suppose?—What! at the old work—Rout, ball, or concert, heh! Making fools happy with my money?

Lady A. Psha! you've no idea of life.

Sir Andr. No—but I have of death—It would kill me in a fortnight—Besides, every body laughs at you—Not one of your acquaintance—who, by the bye, have loved and hated each other all round—but, on leaving the room, exclaims—"Well! it's very fine! mighty grand! But will it last? Won't there be a crush by and bye?"

Lady A. Ridiculous, Sir Andrew! An't I visited by every body? Don't all the beau-monde attend Lady Acid's parties?

Sir Andr. The beau-monde! Why, they'll visit any body that is fool enough to invite them.—Let who will give an expensive entertainment, they'll

they'll flock to it, like rooks about a ruin.—But this won't do—It's seven o'clock, and I must be eating.—Here—you Sir (*Enter James*), bring my breakfast.

James. Breakfast!—What, here, Sir? [*Exit*.

Sir Andr. Yes;—here, Sir.—I am sure the beau-monde (as your Ladyship calls them) will have no objection to something substantial. Poor devils! at these sort of parties they get nothing to feed on but scandal and faro.

Lady A. Provoking, Sir Andrew!—You're always teasing and vexing me; and I insist on knowing what part of my conduct——

Sir Andr. Hold—don't suppose I suspect your character.—No—'midst all your gaieties, I still believe you to be so constant and honourable, that there's no indulging oneself in finding fault with you.

Lady A. If you don't think so, your cousin Colonel Hubbub does, or he would never have trusted me with the care of his niece Honoria.—But I leave you to your ill-nature.

Sir Andr. Ay; go to bed—You to your pillow—I to my coffee.

Lady A. Mind me, Sir—If you see Honoria, give her the advice I desired you.—Tell her the Colonel has written for his ward, Mr. Nominal, to challenge that wretch Clairville, and that I shall do all in my power to give her to Lord Jargon—And so, good night, most good-humour'd husband!

Sir Andr. And so, good morning, most sweet-temper'd wife! [*Exit Lady A.*] I've made her unhappy, however.—'Gad, I don't know how it is, I like to see every body's face as long as my

own.—(*Breakfast brought in*) Here it comes—
 And here's the paper. (*Sits down, and takes up newspaper.*) Now for it!—Now for bad news!
 “Theatre Royal—New Comedy.”—Psha! making people grin and distort their faces.—Give me a deep, horrible, agreeable Tragedy—
 “Bankrupts.”—Ay, here they are—“One—
 “two—three—thirteen.”—Come, very well!—that's very well!—“Promotions.”—There they are with their curst joy again!—“Stocks fallen one and a half.”—Some lame ducks, however—“Marriages—ten.”—Well! long life to you, for you'll be as miserable——

Enter HONORIA (from Doors).

Hon. Dear Sir, ten thousand pardons—I thought to have found your ward Miss Strangers here.

Sir Andr. Sit down, Honoria, sit down—I want to talk to you—Come, take some breakfast.

Hon. Breakfast!—I hav'n't been to rest yet—You forget the joys of high life, Sir!

Sir Andr. Joys!—She's happy too!—Um!—Silly, ignorant girl, to take pleasure in such unmeaning scenes!

Hon. Pleasure! They give me pain, Sir—miserery.

Sir Andr. Do they? Take some breakfast. (*Offers her some.*)

Hon. What have I been doing to-night, Sir?—Talking to men I detest, and listening to women I despise—mixing with people who have neither feeling, amity, nor sense.—This I have done for years, and this I must still persevere in; for my education

education has taught me to smile when I was miserable, and to be fashionable at the expence of my peace.

Sir Andr. Sweet creature! How prettily she prattles! Go on.

Hon. Yes, Sir; with a mind naturally attached to domestic happiness, I am compelled to deride all peaceful scenes, because my uncle, the Colonel, who has cruelly delivered me to the care of your wife, Sir—But I interrupt you—I see I do—I'll keep my sorrows to myself.

Sir Andr. Don't—don't keep them to yourself—I like to hear you talk about sorrow and misery; and if you know of any more elsewhere, you'll not offend me by imparting it! But now I think on't, tell me that unlucky story of the fellow ascending your window by a rope ladder.

Hon. Fellow! Sir Andrew! When you are more respectful, I'll talk to you—till when—
(*Going.*)

Sir Andr. (*stops her.*) Stay—be not offended—I'll sympathize with you, Honoria—I'll give you sigh for sigh, and tear for tear. Come, make me your confidant, and you shan't repent it.—Nay, you must—you shall—I do love to hear a tale of woe!

Hon. (*sitting.*) Oh, Sir! how have I been slandered and defamed! I never knew Mr. Clairville but as a friend—as a protector: that we had secret meetings I cannot deny; but I was never alone—your ward Sophia was always present—and she will witness to the world that he was too honourable to make base proposals, and I too unfashionable to accept them.

Sir Andr. Go on—I like to hear you, Honoria.

If I remember, your acquaintance began at the Colonel's villa in the Isle of Wight, when you were sailing, and fell from the vessel.

Hon. Yes, Sir; and while his brother, Lord Jargon, and other foplings of the party, who before had offered up their lives to serve me, while they stood idly on the deck, and saw me just expiring—Clairville, then a stranger, leaped from another vessel, and, plunging midst the waves, caught me in his arms, and brought me safe to land.—Then came the conflict—The Colonel's boat, by adverse winds, was blown from shore; and I and my deliverer remained part of that day alone.—I saw, compared, and loved—his heart beat in unison with mine; and now, Sir, do you pity or condemn me?

Sir Andr. I pity you, pity you sincerely, and curse the Colonel for placing you under the care of my wife, because I know she designs you for Lord Jargon—But Nominal, whom your uncle intends for your husband, is hourly expected from France.

Hon. Talk not of that, Sir; for I dread the consequences of his arrival.—The night Clairville was discovered in my apartment, the Colonel told him he would send for his ward Nominal, to avenge the injured honour of his family! Oh, Sir, if a duel should ensue!—Yet, if Clairville receives my letter, that and other ills may be prevented (*aside*)—But somebody is coming, Sir—allow me to retire.

Sir Andr. Do, and depend on my protection, Honoria—I am always a friend to the unhappy.—Good morning. [*Exit Honoria.*] So, there goes another long face!—Here's my ward, the cele-

celebrated Miss Strangeways—She's an authoress, an actress, a musician, a painter, and, in short, every thing.—I know she's in love with me, and I'll have the satisfaction of teasing her soul out.

Enter Miss STRANGWAYS (with a Paper in her Hand).

Sophia. Positively, I will be revenged.—The Colonel does nothing but make love to me.—Heigho! I'm so fatigued, Guardy—and it's in vain going to bed, I've so many places to call at.

Sir Andr. What! all over the town, as usual?

Sophia. Yes; first I'm going to Lady Bustle's, to finish my picture of her little French lap-dog—then to call at the bookseller's, and correct the press—then to leave this farewell ode to my dear Jugglamintha, at the newspaper office. (*Reading.*)

“ Oh! thou, whose amaranthine feelings know
“ The iron agonies of copper woe.”

Sir Andr. Iron agonies of copper woe! That's a fine line, and charmingly distressing.

Sophia. Yes; and then I'm going to rehearse a new tragedy at the private Theatre; and, if you'll believe me, my dying scene is yet unsettled.

Sir Andr. That's a great pity, Sophia—for I think the dying scene the best part of the play.

Sophia. Yes; but one insists on my dying on one side of the stage, another, on the other.—Now, what am I to do?

Sir

Sir *Andr.* Why, what many great politicians have done before you—die between both sides.—But, my angel, when am I to be honoured with an assignation—a tête-à-tête, heh?

Sophia. Fie, Guardy!—You know I told you I loved you better than the Colonel, and—that I'd make fools of you both before I'd done with you. (*Aside.*)

O'WHACK (*without*).

O'Whack. (*without.*) Arrah! stand by now! I am the valet de chambre to Mr. Nominal.

Sir *Andr.* As I live, Nominal is arrived! This is his Irish servant, who, to his brogue, has joined a smattering of French—Do stay and hear him.

Sophia. What! mix Irish with French!

Sir *Andr.* So it seems; and he so confounds the two languages, he is scarcely intelligible—But here he comes.

Enter O'WHACK, followed by JAMES.

O'Whack. Mon Dieu! you dirty blackguard! don't you know me by my politesse? Jontleman and lady, your most obedient—By the red nose of Saint Patrick I am toute nouveau; and, d'ye see, I would be after spaking to my master's guardian, Colonel Hubbub.

Sir *Andr.* How is your master? Is he as singular as his guardian describes him?

Sophia. Singular! What, is he like the Colonel, Sir Andrew?

Sir *Andr.* The image of him—While at college his love of notoriety first displayed itself; but

but by living entirely with English abroad, he is become as eccentric and absurd as the Colonel wishes him.

O'Whack. By the powers! you've hit it—Ma foi! he is toujours wanting to get into notice; and between our three selves, he keeps me as his valet, friseur, and all that, only because I perplex, and make a noise, and am quite au fait at botheration wherever I go.

Sophia. Pray, what brings Mr. Nominal so suddenly from France? Isn't it something about an affair of honour?

O'Whack. Oui; you may say that—He is come to challenge one Clairville for getting into the window of Mademoiselle Honoria: and to be sure he won't give the young seducer a little snug dejeuné of cold lead.

Sophia. 'Tis so then—Poor Clairville!

Sir Andr. Tell us now, had you a pleasant journey?

O'Whack. Pleasant! Oh! by the eternal powers, tout au contraire, my dear: we were stopped, and robbed, and murdered; that is, we should have been, but for a fine young haroe, who came and rescued us! Marbleu! he made them skip like frogs.

Sir Andr. A robbery and a duel! This journey may produce much pleasing distress—Pray, who was this young haroe?

O'Whack. Je ne sçai pas, honey—But you may talk of your Cæsars, Cleopatras, and Paddy-Whacks—he beats all your champions of posterity.—Oh! had you seen, when my master and I were sprawling, how he laid about him with his bit of timber—Depend on't, as our fille de cham-

bre said, the shillaly is the true je ne sçai quoi, after all.

Sophia. A very entertaining fellow, Sir Andrew.—What's your name, friend?

O'Whack. Blunder O'Whack, Jontleman! The Blunders are the oldest family in Ireland—We were planted there like so many potatys, by a great General, who was afterwards Lord Lieutenant to King—What d'ye call the old monarque?—Oh! King Lear—Ay, that's it—King Lear.

Sophia. King Lear!

O'Whack. C'est vrai, Miss—and after that, the family got a curst tumble about the reign of Jack Cade—Pardonnez moi, tho'—I forget my business—I must be after informing the Colonel of his ward's arrival.

Sir *Andr.* Spare yourself the trouble, Mr. O'Whack—Colonel Hubbub is not here—but I'll take care to inform him.

O'Whack. Je vous remercie, my dear—But do you mind now—depêchez-vous, and tell him, my master's so particular in his person and manners, that you may hear of him any where—Monsieur, good luck to you!—My Lady, j'ai l'honneur d'être très-humble serviteur!—Oh! by my soul! the true comme il faut's better than whiskey. [Exit.

Sophia. If the servant is a picture of the master, Nominal will have too much good humour to quarrel with Clairville.—Faith! I almost love him by description—But I must leave you—Guardy, adieu!

Sir *Andr.* Nay, don't hurry, my angel—it's too soon for the dying scene.

Sophia. I know it ;—but first I'm going to see a friend.

Sir Andr. See a friend ! Then pray let me go with you ; for that's a thing I never saw in my life.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *The Park.*

Enter O'WHACK, with Books under his Arm.

O'Whack. By Saint Dennis ! these law gentlemen are as heavy—I wonder what my master would be after with them. Ce me fait rien—I must take them home as he ordered me.

Enter SAUNTER (spying and looking out at NOMINAL).

Saun. Astonishing ! I never saw a man so dressed walk the streets before. Who can it be ? (*Turning round, sees O'Whack, who bows to him*)—Ha ! O'Whack ! how came you here ? What, is your master, my old college friend, returned from his travels ?

O'Whack. Oui, your honour—et la voilà ! there he is !

Saun. What, is that Nominal ? Well, this is excellent !—I knew Nominal always loved singularity ; but I never thought he'd make himself so particular, that his friends shou'dn't know him.

O'Whack. C'est extraordinaire, my dear—but with all his oddities, you can't help loving him.

—Oh ! his heart is as warm as l'eau de vie, and his soul—by St. Patrick, the rest of the world's all blarney to him !

Enter NOMINAL.

Nom. Ah, Saunter, my dear fellow ! Well, what do you think ? Won't it do ? Sha'n't I take, heh ?—Harkye, I have them already.

Saun. Have ! Whom ?

Nom. Every body, you dog, every body ! I've got a name—they stare at me—point at me—laugh at me every where. An't I a happy fellow, heh ?

Saun. If happiness consists in being laughed at, you are—But, Nominal, wou'dn't it be as well to be known for being rational, as being ridiculous ?

Nom. Rational ! Pshoo ! A plain sensible man is never thought of now. Who the devil ever thinks or cares about such a sober, honest fellow as you—who pay every body, and offend nobody ?—But I now—such a rogue as I, who pay nobody, and offend every body—why, they all like me. They court me as a new acquaintance, not cut me as an old friend, my boy.

Saun. Well, every man in his way—For my part, I detest singularity.

Nom. Then you're an undone man ; for, by being singular in nothing, you'll be despised in every thing.—For instance now, George—When you go into company, and inquisitive people say—“ Who is he ?—What, Mr. Saunter ? ” nobody can describe you—You have been guilty of no absurdities—no improprieties. But when I condescend to enter a room, there's
a ge-

a general buz of applause, and the women all whisper, "That's he, the famous Ned Nominal! "who games, who drinks, who fights, who "intrigues. Oh! the sprightly, vicious fellow!" In short, George,—I'm a public character.

Saun. A public character! What then?

Nom. Why, then, I make a damned noise without any meaning.

Saun. Believe me, Nominal, you are deceived.—A character so useless can neither excite admiration, nor attention.

Nom. Useless! Oh, George, George!—how little dost thou know of modern life!—Useless!—That's the very thing that makes me. Now, let me put a plain and simple question to you—Isn't a cat that walks on four legs a useful animal?

Saun. A cat on four legs useful?—'Tis an odd question—Certainly.

Nom. Very well. And what do you think of a cat with only two legs? Why, it's useless; and yet you and the rest of the world shall give it twice the admiration, and attention. And there's the difference between us, George.—You are a very useful, worthy fellow, and consequently are despised—I am a very useless, mischievous fellow, and, of course, am admired—Therefore, my dear boy, take my advice—expose yourself, and get into notice.

Saun. Why, you are the counterpart of your guardian, the Colonel; and when he finds you thus bitten with the love of notoriety, he'll be delighted—transported.

Nom. Yes; but I mean to disappoint him.

Saun. Disappoint him!

Nom.

Nom. Ay; and for three reasons, George.—First, because he wants me to marry Honoria, a girl I don't care for—Secondly, because he has brought me to fight one Clairville, a poor devil I never saw—And thirdly, because being in Opposition makes more noise than being under Government.—You understand me—I mean to quarrel with him.

Saun. And how will you contrive it?

Nom. His greatest antipathy is to law and lawyers. I'll pass on him as a student.

Saun. Student! Why, you don't understand the practice.

Nom. No; who the devil does? But a little goes a great way, George—so never fear.

Saun. Well, I must leave you for the present, for I have business elsewhere.—I'll see you tomorrow; and in the mean time success to your studies, your sports, and singularities! [*Exit.*

Nom. (*looking after him.*) What an old-fashioned appearance! I wish I had him a little—I'd soon teach him how to expose himself.—O'Whack!

O'Whack. Toujours prêt, your honour.

Nom. Take these law books home—put them on the table, and give the room a studious appearance for the reception of my guardian.—You know what I intend.

O'Whack. Oh! leave me alone for catching the old fox—I'll do it sans ceremonie.—Your honour—see who's coming this way—By my salvation, it's the sweet young haroe that saved us and our chapeaus from the robbers!

Nom. That's lucky. I want to thank him.—Besides, if the robbery is well introduced in the papers,

papers, it may give an eclat to my arrival ; and, some way or other, I must be before the public every day.

Enter CLAIRVILLE, with a Letter in his Hand.

Clair. Joy ! Give me joy, Sir !—Excuse this freedom from a stranger ; but blifs so unexpected—so exquisite, was never known before.

Nom. What ! it's all in print, is it ? The whole robbery ! Well ; what do they say of me ?

Clair. Oh, Sir ! when we parted last night, I was miserable—I fancied I had lost the loveliest creature the world e'er wondered at—but picture the reverse !

Nom. Curse the reverse ! So, I'm to be robbed, and get nothing by it !

Clair. In this letter she tells me, that, to-night, she will give me a private interview !—Yes ; tho' my father left, with his title, his estate to my brother, and that brother has cruelly deserted me—yet, at this moment, I'm the happiest man alive. But excuse me—I am all haste, all anxiety to prepare for the appointment. [*Going.*]

Nom. Hold, Sir, hold ! 'Gad, who knows but this private interview may lead to a public uproar ? and as he did me a service—(*aside*) Sir, I am much indebted to you—and if I can be of any use—

Clair. None in the least ; I thank you.—Yet, now I think on't, Honoria is so narrowly watched, that a friend may be necessary.—He seems a Gentleman, tho' an odd one—I'll accept his offer. (*Aside*) Sir, you may assist me.

Nom. How, how ?

Clair. The Lady, Sir, whose name, as well

as my own, I must beg leave to conceal, is so much suspected by her family, that, alone, I may be interrupted in the interview.—If, therefore, you will meet me at Grosvenor Gate at ten o'clock, I will conduct you to the house, which is a short way from town—But if we are discovered, and the business becomes public—

Nom. Why, then, I shall be doubly obliged to you.

Clair. Well; but if your name is brought forward and abused?

Nom. Why, then the obligation will be trebled. I like abuse, and I'll tell you why—It brings one into notice; and if somebody doesn't cut me up, I mean to do it myself.

Clair. How! abuse yourself!

Nom. Certainly—for, if I don't let people know what a singular, absurd, useless sort of fellow I am, how will they find it out? Silence sinks you into obscurity, my boy; and for my part, I had rather be laughed at for standing in the pillory, than not noticed at all.

Clair. Well; this is the strangest system! What, you want to get a name, I suppose?

Nom. I do; and, Heaven be praised, 'tis easier now to be obtained than in days of yore. Then, conquest, patriotism and virtue were the only paths to fame; but now-a-days, eccentricity, impudence and dissipation settle the business—And if I don't cut out Cæsar or Mark Antony to-morrow—But come along—I have some law business with my guardian; and, after that, for you and your interview.

Clair. Ten thousand thanks.—But may I ask how you intend getting a name to-morrow?

Nom.

Nom. I'll tell you—I mean to fight a duel, commence an intrigue, and complete an elopement—But where are the Ladies, or who is the Gentleman, I neither know, nor can inform you—Only be assured, I'll accomplish it, and then, my boy! when I lack wit, I'll boast of my exploits; and when I want money—Why, I'll shew myself as a curiosity! So allons!

[*Exeunt.*]

END of ACT I.

D

SCENE,

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Clair. Ten thousand thanks.—But may I ask how you intend getting a name to-morrow?

Nom.

Nom. I'll tell you—I mean to fight a duel, commence an intrigue, and complete an elopement—But where are the Ladies, or who is the Gentleman, I neither know, nor can inform you—Only be assured, I'll accomplish it, and then, my boy! when I lack wit, I'll boast of my exploits; and when I want money—Why, I'll shew myself as a curiosity! So allons!

[*Exeunt.*

END of ACT I.

D

SCENE,

ACT II.

SCENE, NOMINAL'S Lodgings—[Table with Books on it]—O'WHACK discovered placing the Books.

O'Whack. The Colonel will be here dans une moment—If my master hadn't l'argent enough of his own, he wou'dn't be after tazing his old Guardian in this manner—Voila! tout est arrangé, and now to receive him a la mode de François, as we say in Ireland.

Enter COLONEL HUBBUB, and Sir ANDREW ACID.

Col.

[Dancing and singing] Ti, di, di, di!

Sir Andr. Keep quiet, I tell you—Oh, curse your joy.

Col. Ti, di, di, di! The lad of spirit! The boy after his Guardian's own heart!—Here, here's a contract to marry my niece Honoria.

Sir Andr. Be serious, I tell you, grinning don't become you.

Col. Here, this gives him my niece with thirty thousand pounds, and if he had returned a solid, studious, good for nothing sort of young man, do you think I'd have signed it? No! but to have him come home a dashing dog!—a choice spirit! Ods heart; if his uncle, the old General, was alive, he'd die with joy!

Sir Andr. Old General, indeed! A pretty uncle he was to leave his nephew to the care of such a Guardian as you—But I remember him, he loved dissipation, and despised prudence as much as yourself.

Col.

Col. He did; and he appointed me Guardian to the dear boy, that I might see the glorious breed preserv'd! and now he is a choice spirit.

Sir Andr. A choice devil! What, you want him to be a fellow who can fight a duel in one field, and be second in another? Who drinks hard, and rides harder; who talks much, thinks little, and reads less; who carries off young women, and runs away from old ones!—In short, who loves notoriety, and makes noise and confusion wherever he goes!

Col. That's it! You've hit it exactly—only with this difference, that, tho' I despise prudence, I detest knavery; and if ever he behaves like a villain, if ever he does a dishonorable action, I'll cut him off with a shilling, and I know the old General would have done the same—But where is he? Ti, di, di, di! Od, I'm so happy—*[Offers to take snuff out of Sir ANDREW's box, who refuses it]* Why what's the matter with you, cousin? You don't seem to partake my joy.

Sir Andr. Yes, I do—nothing so pleasant as to see ev'ry body on the broad grin. I hope it will last, that's all! But I know you mean to ruin him, as you have your Niece Honoria, instead of improving her mind, teaching her the languages—

Col. Her the languages? Why, old boy, hav'n't you found out that one tongue is enough for a woman?—No, no; I have brought her into high life—sent her to Concerts—Operas.—

Sir Andr. Operas! Now that's a pretty business—to pay a piece of gold to set five or six hours in a house, where you fall asleep to save hearing what you don't understand.

Col. Five or six hours! Psha! that's nothing to what I do—I pay some thousand pieces of gold, to sit seven years in another house, where I must fall asleep; for, hang me, if ever I heard a word I understood!

O'Whack. Bon! Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Andr. So here's another merry rascal! Ay, do look at each other, and smile—I never saw one fool look at another in the face without grinning [*Exit O'Whack*].—And give me leave to tell you Colonel—

Col. Well! don't be angry—Isn't it strange you can't bear to see every body happy? But come, where's the boy, the Heart of Oak? [*Looking over books on table*] Why, what's here? A Law Dictionary!

Sir Andr. A Law Dictionary! Something serious at last! [*reads*] “Acto Quinto Jacobo primo”—No hazard table!

Col. Hazard! Ay, that's right—making himself master of that fine art Law! S'blood! if he had the least inclination for that solemn, fable profession, I'd break his bones! I'd—but he comes! the dear profligate comes! Ti, di, di, di! My boy, my life!

Enter Nominal (in a dressing gown, reading a book)

Nom. C. cuts off the remainder, and D. loses his tail.

Col. Come, my darling—Let's hear of your frolics—Mine and the General's old tricks?

Nom. [*Still reading*] That infernal tail!—Ha, Guardian! Sir Andrew! Both welcome! Been at the Hall lately? [*To Colonel.*]

Col. Been at the devil!—Come let's hear of your pranks!

Sir

Sir Andr. Gad, if he shou'd turn out studious after all!

Nom. Curious cause this morning—Friend Paul Prig for Plaintiff—tell you his speech.

Col. Why, what are you at?

Nom. He 'rose, twirl'd his band—began—"My Lord!—hem! Gemmen of the Jury—hem!—I'm for Plaintiff—I think—I know—I've read my brief—hem!"—Nodding and cocking his eye to the Jury.

Sir Andr. Cocking his eye to Jury!

Nom. Yes, better than any talking—"My Lord—hem! I see—I see, I know I'm right"—cocking again—I've done—hem!—Foreman winks--Judge fums up--Verdict for Paul--Clients ruin'd—All the young Prigs laugh—Any thing makes them laugh—hem!

Col. Zounds! What is all this? Let's hear.

Nom. Hear! Never without fee—Name your case—Joint Trustees perhaps—if not, why not?—What are your ages?

Col. What are our ages?

Nom. Infants very like.

Sir Andr. I an infant! Why, I was never more deceiv'd in my life. Colonel, this is the most studious choice spirit I ever saw—I give you joy! (*Offering him Snuff*)—Young man, this capering grinning gentleman described you as a perfect rake—I expected to see you reading Hoyle—Do you mean to pursue the profession?

Nom. Certainly.—Student now—hereafter, Counsel—Been at the Old Baily lately? [*To Col.*]

Col. Old Baily! Look ye, you dog! leave off this foolery, or—

Sir

Sir Andr. I'm delighted, Cousin! Now, why don't you partake my joy?—Faith! I must go and tell my wife and ward of this—Mr. Nominal, I'm sorry I'm obliged to leave you.—

Col. Leave him! Why don't you go then?

Sir Andr. Give me your hand [*to Nom.*] persevere in your studies, and I and Lady Acid shall be always happy in your company—Good day—Colonel, don't make long faces, he'll make full as much noise and confusion in his present profession—tho' he won't fire a pistol, he can file a Bill in Chancery; and which is the least mischievous, I leave you to determine—hem!

[*Offers Snuff again and Exit.*]

Col. Rat you! I'm glad you're gone—Now, my dear boy, it's all very well to appear prudent and studious before that stupid old fool; but since he's gone, lay aside this trifling.—Come leave off talking about such low, dull nonsense, as Counsellors and Westminster Hall, and let's hear you speak like a man of sense, about fighting, drinking, racing—

Nom. Racing! as I hope for the seals, here's the case—Look! [*Shews a book.*]

Col. What! do you persist in your ignorance?

Nom. Never read Puffendorff! Heh! fine book—better than army list.

Col. Look ye, I have done with you for ever—Oh, you senseless blockhead! to be making money, instead of spending it—to be following a prudent, stale, old-fashioned profession, instead of being ruin'd and getting into high life, you dog!—*You* avenge Honoria's honor! S'death! I'll beat Clairville myself, and before I hear of you,

you, Puffendorff, or Paul Prig again, I'll marry her to a drummer, or a common trooper—I will, you stupid inflexible upright rascal!

Nom. Now I am satisfied. (*Aside.*)

Enter O'WHACK.

O'Whack. Ecoutez, your honor—the strange young Haroe is waiting for you at Grosvenor Gate.

Nom. I'll come directly—leave my travelling coat in the hall—Guardy, adieu—Brother Prig waiting.

Col. Stay; one rational word before you go—would you—

Nom. Hush! can't stay, reply another day—Mean time find me in the Hall—Adieu! Law's a fine profession—puts an end to grinning, transports, extacies—Adieu! Leave you with Puffendorff—hem! [*Exit.*]

Col. Here's treatment! Leave a Colonel in the army alone with Puffendorff! Ignorant puppy! to give up fashionable life for a profession, in which the greatness of his reputation is chiefly known by the size of his wig—Where! [*Seeing O'WHACK*] You too, you Irish, French, pyeball rascal! You help'd this pretty reformation, I suppose!

O'Whack. Point de tout, your honor—your ownself cou'dn't have set him a more dissipated example than I did—Oh! à Paris, mon Colonel! to be sure I didn't lead him into any mischief at all—at all!

Col. What do you mean?

O'Whack. Tacez vous, Jewel!—When I slept out all night, got drunk with usquebaugh, intrigued

trigued with the Marchioness Tipperary, and bate her poor husband; it was only to oblige your honor, that I might stand before you, and say—
 “Voila! Monsieur O’Whack, who kept it up
 “to the last!”

Col. Why, you impertinent—do you mean to laugh at me? Marchioness Tipperary, indeed!

Enter JAMES.

James. Sir, Sir! a word with you—Miss Honoria’s window is open, and she and Miss Sophia are waiting for Mr. Clairville.

Col. Sophia with her! That’s lucky—Harky’, is Lady Acid at home?

James, No, Sir; she and Sir Andrew are just gone out together—But Miss Sophia asked me, whether you were expected there to-night.

Col. She did, did she?—Oh, it’s plain she can’t live without me—Poor lovesick creature! I’ll go and comfort her—I’ll lock up Honoria, kick Clairville out of the house, and thus have her all to myself—Shew me down, Sirrah, and, d’ye hear? tell your studious master, I’m gone to chastise the man I desired him to challenge—Yes, I’ll so shame him by beating this Clairville.

O’Whack. Ay, by St. Patrick, bate him, your honor, as I did the Marquis de Tipperary—Par ici—this way!—

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE—

SCENE—*The Outside of SIR ANDREW'S House
in the Country—Stage darkened.*

Enter CLAIRVILLE.

Clair. Where is this friend who was to have assisted in the enterprize?—I have sent my servant to look for him, for, alone, I can undertake nothing—Oh, Honoria! Let me but once more see you, and know you are my friend, and I will ask no more—No, never while I live, will I think of deluding her from her family; with them, she has all that wealth and splendour can afford; and with me, how severe will be the reverse! I know the Colonel has brought his ward Nominal from France, to call me to account for my presumption—but of that, I think not—let me but gain this last interview—Ha! here's the stranger!

Enter NOMINAL.

Nom. A thousand pardons—I've been talking law, so no wonder at delay—Well!—here we are! and do you know this business puts me in mind of what I came to England for.

Clair. What was that?

Nom. Oh! only to beat a Gentleman for scaling a rope ladder—that's all.—Some poor, stupid fellow! But we won't talk of that—Where's the girl? Heh?

Clair. 'Tis past the time she promised to appear at the window—But, understand me, Sir—all I wish to obtain is an interview! to know she approves my past conduct, and takes an interest in my future—Therefore, what I request of you is this—While I guard the house with—

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in,

in, you watch the door without; don't let a soul enter.

Nom. Me! I'll beat the watch, kick the constable, and cane all the trading justices in town, before you shall lose one tender moment.

HONORIA at the Window.

Hon. Sir! Sir!

Clair. Ha! she comes! Like a new world she breaks upon me! Oh! let me fly to welcome her!

Nom. Oh! let me fly to welcome her! [*mimicking*] Now, who she is, or who the house belongs to, or what it all means, hang me if I know or care! Only this, that if there was a noise, there might be a discovery!—if a discovery, a pursuit!—if a pursuit, a rescue!—and then, oh! what a figure I shou'd cut.

Hon. Come in instantly, or you may be discover'd.

Nom. [*to Clairville*] Hark ye, if you are discover'd, and are afraid to mention your own name, make use of mine.—I'm not asham'd of this, or any business!

Clair. I have no fears [*opening the door*] Now, now, Sir, envy me! [*Exit into House.*]

Nom. Envy you! That I do.—He'll have all the fame to himself, and here I stand as melancholy as a mile-stone—How provokingly quiet every thing is—S'death! is there no noise to wake the old Guardian! is there no noise! Oh for the squeaking of a child, the smashing of a lamp, or the howling of a husband at being thumpt by his wife! No uproar!

SOPHIA

SOPHIA at the Window.

Sophia. Sir, as you are anxious to assist your friend, will you be kind enough to tell my servant, who is somewhere near, to come home—for if he is observed—

Nom. I will, Madam—Who the devil's she, now?

Sophia. And, Sir, when you return, I'll speak to you from the window, and, on your answering me, I'll come down, and let the servant in myself.

Nom. Ay, and me along with him—I'll take care, Ma'am, I'll take care.—Stand by, raggamuffin!—[*Runs against COLONEL HUBBUB, who is entering, and exit.*

Enter COLONEL HUBBUB.

Col. Stand by, raggamuffin! What noisy fellow's that? Ay, there it is, there's the window open, sure enough; and I dare say Sophia has promoted the scheme, in hopes of assisting her amour with me! Sweet, tender soul! I shall never forget her telling me, that if I'd one more hair on my left eye-brow, I should be the handsomest man in the army! and another time, when she fainted away on only touching the tip of my Epaulette.

SOPHIA from Window.

Sophia. Is it you, Sir?

Col. Yes, here I am! Oh, 'tis too much!

Sophia. I'll come down, and open the door.

[*Exit from Window.*

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Col.

Col. Open the door! There! She wants to be touching the tip of the Epaulette again! Poor fond creature! Yes: I must, I will!

SOPHIA opens the door.

Sophia. Come in! [*sees Col.*] Heavens! the Colonel!

Col. Excess of joy dissolves her! Don't give way to your raptures, most angelic!—I come to give you love for love. [*Lays hold of her.*

Sophia. Unhand me, Colonel!

Col. Let's enter the house—I'll lock up Honoria, turn Clairville out of doors—and then—

Sophia. Let me go this instant.

[*Struggling with him.*

Re-enter NOMINAL.

Nom. Ha! What are you at? Retire, Madam!

[*Exit Sophia into house.*

Now answer me, seducer! Would you delude the innocent?

Col. I delude! Who the deuce are you?

Nom. A Justice of Peace! Come to promote tranquility—But your name? Your profession? Speak this instant! [*shaking him*] Zounds! do you suspect my office?

Col. No, not in the least—I know you're a peace officer by the curst noise you make! [*Nominal shakes him again*] Gently, and to satisfy you, I'll tell you who I am—My name's Hubbub—

Nom. Hubbub!

Col. Yes; I'm here doing duty.

Nom. My Guardian! Faith, this is better than Paul Prig!

CLAIRVILLE

CLAIRVILLE *at the Window.*

Clair. [*aside to Nominal*] Detain him—keep him where he is, or all's ruined!

Nom. I will. [*Exit Clairville from window.* Sir, [*bowing*] if your name is Hubbub, I have to intreat your pardon—I've the honour of being acquainted with part of your worthy family.

Col. Ay, ay, I knew you'd perceive your mistake—But let me enter the house, and play the devil.

Nom. [*holding him*] Yes, Colonel; I have the pleasure of being intimate with your very learned ward, Mr. Nominal.—Times are strangely alter'd, Sir.—I remember when he was the most noisy, extravagant young man in town.

Col. Ay, those were happy days! But they're all over now! the dog thinks of nothing but Puffendorff, and the Old Baily.

Nom. Yes; I used to have a warrant against him once a week, and he generally slept in the watch-house every other night! But now—alas, Colonel! I'm afraid we shall never catch him in a riot again! [*In a melancholy voice.*

Col. [*sighing*] No—he has lost all that good sense and genius now! And after the pains I had taken in instructing and improving him! It's hard—very hard, Sir!

Nom. [*sighing with him*] Ay, Sir; to have him turn out studious, sober and prudent!

Col. Ah! to disgrace the honour of the Hubbubs!—to vilify the glorious breed!—Stupid, senseless dog! But let me go into the house, for I'm all eagerness to chastise this Clairville.

Nom.

Nom. Clairville! What's he now in the house?

Col. Yes; and I brought my ward Nominal to fight him;—but he darn't, Sir—he's grown a coward—poor paultry priggish coward; and if you see him, you may tell him I say so.

Nom. So! I may tell Nominal he's a coward, may I?

Col. Yes; or he'd have beat somebody before this time—Od rat him! I would rather he'd have caned me, than nobody.

Nom. You'd not dislike to be can'd by him, wou'd you?

Col. No; I should have liked the dear rogue the better for it—But now I know him to be such a mean, studious, pitiful puppy, that, hang me if I think he has the courage to beat a jack-ass!—[*Nominal canes him*] Holloa! what are you about?

Nom. [*caning him*] He'll beat a jack-ass with any man in the army.

CLAIRVILLE comes from House.

Col. You're a ruffian—a common bravo, employ'd by Clairville to detain and assault me, and you take advantage of my not having a sword on—but I'll be reveng'd!—

Nom. Do, and I'll tell you how! Bring an action of battery, and Paul Prig and your studious Nephew shall defend it.—Hem!

Col. I don't care—You're beneath my contempt—But, for your employer, I'll enter the house, and have satisfaction; and for that sneaking dog, Nominal—Oh, the curst puppy! I sent for him to beat Clairville, and here have I been beat myself.

[*Exit.*
Clair.

Clair. My dear Sir, once more let me thank you—I have seen the Lady, and all is as I wished—She has given me this picture as a proof of her affection, and promised never to marry another man—But, come—why, what are you thinking of?

Nom. I was thinking, when the business is found out, what a noise it will make—But, hold, hold.—You and I must have some conversation—

Clair. The Lady told me what I never heard before, that her Uncle's ward is design'd for her husband.

Nom. What Nominal? I know him intimately; nor is there a finer fellow alive—he pricks the bladder of vanity, pulls down arrogance, and chastises folly; and what's more, he gives his Guardian sound law in the morning, and a sound thrashing at night--Then, he's a man of notoriety! has the general shout—the popular huzza, my boy!

Clair. Popular huzza! He'd have that if he was going to be hang'd.

Nom. Well, and when I die, give me a public exit, give me the Tower, state trial, axe, scaffold, and decapitation! Then my life or history will be written with a thousand extraordinary anecdotes! How I slept at night, and woke in the morning! walk'd and rode! eat and drank! and what was very remarkable and important, wore my own hair till thirty, and a wig ever after—But come along—I'll introduce you to Nominal; and over a bottle he shall convince you, that he's as popular as life, spirit, and eccentricity can make him!

Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE—*An apartment in SIR ANDREW'S House.**Enter SAUNTER.*

Saun. Never was vanity so insufferable as that of Sir Andrew and the Colonel; and unless my cousin Sophia puts my scheme in execution, they will torment her for ever—Here comes Sir Andrew, just as I left him, teasing and fatiguing her with his tiresome protestations of love.

Enter SOPHIA, followed by SIR ANDREW.

Sophia. Do leave me, Sir Andrew.

Sir Andrew. Well; but hear me, my little angel—I see your passion for me, and your aversion to the Colonel—and I pity you, and will relieve you—Hark ye, make an assignation—nay, don't be afraid—I'll not disappoint you, upon my soul.

Sophia. Sir Andrew, this is beyond bearing, and if you would attend Lady Acid's concert, where your company is wanted, it would be more agreeable—Assignation indeed!

Sir Andrew. Ay; you know I've won your tender little heart, and that I could make you miserable if I pleased; but I forego it, I chuse to vex the Colonel, and—

Enter JAMES.

James. Sir, the concert is waiting.

Sir Andrew. Concert! Psha! Curse all harmony, say I!—But I must go to please my wife—
I say

I say—don't forget, Sophia—when and where you like—I'll be punctual—till when, farewell.

Exit.

Sophia. Provoking! to suppose me in love with him! I that am admired by the literati, the cognoscenti, and all the out of the way creatures in town! Here—(*giving Saunter a letter*) look at this, and then say if I oughtn't to be wretched?

SAUNTER *reading.*

Saun. “Lady Acid informs Miss Strangeways, that her extraordinary attachment to the Colonel and Sir Andrew, is the talk of the whole town—that she has lost her character, and unless she discontinues her advances, she shall be sent to the country, and lock'd up for life.”—Lock'd up for life!

Sophia [*mournfully*] Ay, lock'd up for life! Think of that, cousin—I, that have painted my own picture, and had it in the exhibition! That can read a Latin Virgil, or a French Voltaire! And, what's more, that have written a novel, which has been translated into several languages!

Saun. Has it been translated into English!

Sophia. Ay; into English.—It was so beautifully obscure, that it took a commentator twelve large volumes to explain the meaning of it! I too, who have written and composed a song, which I have sung in every company, without being asked or desired.

Saun. Why, you have an universal genius, indeed.

Sophia. Universal! I dare say my death will increase the national debt; for after being under ground with my ancestors, I shall be pull'd up,

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and

and re-buried at the expence of my country! And after all this, to have my reputation slandered by two old coxcombs, and what's worse, to be sent to the country and lock'd up for life! Oh, cousin!—What can I—shall I do?

Saun. Don't be unhappy, Sophia; I have thought of a scheme by which you may expose the vanity of these two dotards, and extricate yourself [*giving her two letters.*] Read these two letters, and if you approve, copy them.

Sophia [*reading*] “To Sir Andrew Acid.—Thou gay deceiver—I adore---ten o'clock---your own garden--Sophia Strangeways.”—Fie, cousin! ---would you have me send him an assignation in reality?

Saun. Read the other.

Sophia [*reads*] “To Colonel Hubbub—Thou dear perfidious—I adolize—ten o'clock—the garden—Sophia Strangeways.” Charming! I understand—both in the same language, and both at the same time and place. I'll write them directly.

Saun. Yes; a double assignation—Then they'll meet—Their exposition will be complete, and Lady Acid will be convinced of your innocence.

Sophia. Ten thousand thanks—(*goes to table, sits and writes.*) “To Colonel Hubbub”—so—“To Sir Andrew Acid,” (*rises.*) There—cousin—(*giving him letters.*) See them delivered, and meet me in the garden.---At present, adieu!

Saun. Nay, where are you hurrying to?

Sophia. First, to the concert, and after that to—But now I recollect, don't forget your promise of introducing me to your friend Nominal—Heigho! I'm in love with him only for his dress.

Saun. How, Sophia! judge a man by his dress?

Sophia.

Sophia. Certainly. If I see a man plainly dress'd, I guess him to be just such a good for nothing thing as yourself; but if I see a man dress'd unlike all others, then I know him to be the same unaccountable creature I am myself. So save me from rural imprisonment, and then introduce me to your singular friend as soon as you please.
[Exit.

Enter O'WHACK behind.

Saun. How can I deliver the letters? To avoid suspicion, the best way would be, to give them to Sophia's own maid, and if I can find her——

O'Whack (advancing) What, Fanny, your honour?---Arrah! I am just going to her. Donnez moi le billet-deaux, and if I don't put them into her own ruby hands, say this is not No. 37, that's all! (*taking snuff.*)

Saun. Are you sure you know her?

O'Whack. Know her! *ecoutez*, my dear—She loves me so tenderly, that she'll go to Killenny for a fricassée for me.

Saun. Well; I believe I may trust you—Here this is for Sir Andrew, and this for Colone Hubbub—They are both at the concert; and desire her to deliver them directly.

O'Whack. Si vous plait, honey.

Saun. And, d'ye hear? tell her to bring me the answers—You understand me——

O'Whack. Bon soir, your honour.

[Exit Saunter.

By the powers! some people know no more of good breeding, than others do of politesse! Eh bien! I suppose it answers—For I've observed, none jog so snugly thro' life as your completely rude and vulgar—Every body gets out of the way

for them—the same as a gentleman with a white coat would for a chimney sweeper. Oh, by the powers! the only place for true etiquette is Ireland; sweet elegant accomplished Ireland.

SONG—O'Whack.

*You may talk of a brogue, and of Ireland (sweet nation)
Of bulls and of howls, and polavre, comme ça ;
But, mon Dieu, it's no more to the French boderation,
Then vin de Bourdeaux, like to sweet Usquebaugh.
If I go back again, blood and ouns ! how I'll wriggle,
And congé, and caper, and make the folks stare ;
And instead of potatoes, how Shelagh will giggle,
When I cries, Mam' selle, hand me that sweet pomme de
terre.
With their petit chanson, ça ira, ça ira, Malbrook, Mi-
ronton, and their dans votre lit ;
By the pow'rs they're all nonsense and bodder, agrab ! to our
diddero, bubbero, whack, langolee.*

II.

*Oh, mon jolly tight Sheelagh, ah, how could I scorn her,
When I lov'd her so dearly, ma foi, hubbaboo !
And go round the globe, ay, from corner to corner,
For soup maigre, la dance, and for frogs and vertu.
And then to forsake magnifique Tipperary,
For pauvre Versailles, and its capering throng,
And eat fricasees, only fit for a fairy,
Instead of substantial beef roti de mutton.
With their petit chanson, &c.*

III.

*Oh, I kiss'd a grisette, who halloo'd out, " Ah, fi don ;"
And yet, I consol'd her all night and all day ;
To be sure, and I was not her sweet-Irish Cupidon,
Her petit mignon, and mi Lor Anglois.
But when she found out, sans six sous was poor Pat, Sir,
It was " allez miserable diable John Bull ;"
So I e'en gave this blarneying frenchified cat, Sir,
Of good wholesome Shillaly, a compleat stomach full.
With their petit chanson, &c.*

SCENE

SCENE—*A Saloon, Chandeliers.*

JAMES, and other Servants waiting.

James. Yaw! (*yawning*) These parties will be the death of me!—What, none of the musical nobility come yet? Stand by—here's Lord Jargon! Gad, I like his plan—he makes love to Lady Acid to secure Miss Honoria—The old lady for the young one—but mum!

Enter LORD JARGON.

Lord Jar. Am I the first, James?—I thought your concert began at eight.

James. No, my Lord—this is our Sunday concert, and it is generally nine before their Lordships begin playing.

Lord Jar. Lordships!—Ah! true—At these Sunday concerts, Lords become fiddlers, and fiddlers greater men—For my part, I cannot play or sing—“*Donne! donne!*” (*humming a tune.*)

James. Thus it ever is with his Lordship, one word contradicting the other.

Enter HONORIA.

Hon. James, where's Lady Acid? Ha! my Lord Jargon here!

Lord Jar. Honoria, my Angel!—I never say a civil thing—but you look divinely this evening—Nay, why avoid me? Am I so very disagreeable?

Hon. Not in the least, my Lord.—Where can be Lady Acid?

Lord Jar. (*taking her hand*) You know, Honoria,

noria, I hate to hear people talk of themselves—of their titles—their fortune—their talents—Nothing can be so shocking! Now I—I have an ancient title, great fortune, and not inferior talents—but I never mention these things—you never hear me talk of myself.

Hon. No, your Lordship has too much sense to talk on a subject you so little understand.

Lord Jar. True, Honoria, and I have reformed—left off all my old vices, the better to deserve your affection—Gaming now—I hav'n't thrown a die, or made a bett these six months.

Hon. Not gam'd, my Lord!

Lord Jar. No; I'll bett any gentleman two hundred to one, I hav'n't.

Hon. I fancy your Lordship is one of those, who think it better to lose than not play at all.

Lord Jar. No; I have given it up, Honoria—But, talking of gaming, allow me to apologize for breaking your bracelet last night.

Hon. It was of no consequence, my Lord.

Lord Jar. Your pardon, Honoria—and, tho' I am above making presents, yet you must allow me to make this poor return—these jewels—*(giving her a casket, open)*

Hon. How! jewels! and of such value, my Lord.

Lord Jar. Oh, a trifle! For my own part, I never wear diamonds—*(Lady Acid enters)* for while other people wear them for me to look at, it's just the same as if they were my own—But think not of them, but love, my Angel!

Hon. Excuse me, my Lord—I cannot accept them—you may employ them to a better purpose.
(offering to return them.)

Lady

Lady A. Is this your gratitude for his Lordship's politeness? Ill bred, insolent girl! What, you are still hankering after that wretch, Clairville.

Hon. Call him by some other name, Madam—Wretch! What is his brother, then?

Lady A. How! have you the impudence to defend the outcast?

Hon. Outcast! Shame, shame, Madam! I know I talk a language, you and your modish friends despise—but here I tell you, that this outcast is the man of my heart—that it loves him—tenderly loves him—And would rather share his griefs in a prison, than his lordship's pleasures in a palace—therefore, once more, let me offer back the present.

Lady A. Look ye, in a word, let me have no more of your ill breeding. Accept his Lordship's jewels directly, and retire to your chamber—Take them, I say, and be gone this instant.

Hon. What can I do? The Colonel's high opinion of her compels me to obey her in every thing—Oh, Clairville! why did you save a life that's doom'd, for ever doom'd to mix thy ruin with its own! [Exit.

Lady A. So far, so well, my Lord! For when the Colonel hears she was mercenary enough to receive jewels, he'll own you were warranted in your designs upon her—and now---since we are alone---I'll open a great and glorious scheme---A scheme that shall convince you of my unalter'd affection.

Lord Jar. Sweetest of women! you know my determination---Whoever has my hand, you shall still have my heart.

Lady A. I believe it, my Lord---and therefore I shall risk the dangerous enterprize---Sophia

phia and I were at the exhibition of wax figures this morning---She was struck with, and purchased a great theatrical likeness, which is to be brought here in a chair this evening---Now, if you contrive to come home instead of the figure---

Lord Jar. I a wax figure! a Peer of the realm a wax figure!

Lady A. Dear! it happens every day---But mind me, the chair will be brought into my dressing room, which adjoins Honoria's chamber---And, where you know you can't be admitted on account of Sir Andrew's jealousy---therefore wait for the chair, bribe the man, and here is a false key (*gives one*) which locks and unlocks Honoria's door.

Lord Jar. Loveliest of creatures! (*kisses her hand*) Where shall I find the chair?

Lady A. I'll give you the particulars by-and-by---In the mean time, remember you get Clairville disposed of---

Lord Jar. What, my brother! Oh, I've so great a friendship for him, that I'll have him arrested to prevent his being distressed---

(*flourish of clarinets.*)

Lady A. Hark! their lordships, the musicians, are arrived.

Enter COLONEL HUBBUB.

Col. There they are! Never was Sunday concert so sanctified with nobility.

Lady A. What! they're all come?

Col. Yes; and faith there's so many great people turned fiddlers now a days, that, I should not be surprized, if the House of Lords should be turned into a concert room!
that

that glees were sung from the Woofack, and catches from the Cabinet.

Lord Jar. Who have we amongst us, Colonel?

Col. I'll tell you---First, there's Duke Duett playing on the violin---then there's General Gig strumming the guittar, Judge Jerk blowing the bassoon, and Bishop Bravo banging the kettle-drums!--But what's better, there's Signor Uniquo, who pats them all familiarly on the back, and says, "Bravissimo, my Lord Judge! Encora, Signor Bishop!" Then, the one looks as pleased as if he'd got the Chancellorship, and the other, as if he was preferred to an Archbishoprick!--Pray is your Lordship fond of music?

Lord Jar. Me! I hate, I detest it!

Lady A. Hate music, my Lord! Dear! I always thought it was one of your favourite amusements.

Lord Jar. What, music! Oh, certainly—I love it of all things.

Col. Well; for my part, I shall not listen to their lordships till Uniquo gets them engaged at the Opera—As to you, Lady Acid, I know your sense and virtue despises this trifling folly, and you only promote it to amuse your friends.

Lady A. I do indeed, Colonel—(*strumming of instruments within.*) I must go and look at them—Come, my Lord.

Lord Jar. (*taking her hand*) With pleasure!--Colonel, is my friend Nominal amongst them?

Col. My ward! Zounds! don't talk of him—but go, and if you wish for fiddling preferment, pay your respects to the Grand Signor.

[*Exeunt Lord and Lady.*
My ward, indeed! Oh that stupid studious puppy! I know what it will end in—He'll go sneaking on in his profession, till he gets into the Upper
G House,

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[*Exeunt Lord and Lady.*
My ward, indeed! Oh that stupid studious puppy! I know what it will end in—He'll go sneaking on in his profession, till he gets into the Upper
G House,

House, then he'll be laid on the shelf, and go out like the snuff of a candle—As to that ruffian, and the assault, I'll be reveng'd on Clairville still.—For Sophia, the dear creature seems fonder of me than ever, since last night's riot—The women do love a little rudeness now and then.

Enter JAMES.

James. Sir, Miss Sophia's maid is below, and desires to see you.

Col. There!—I said so—Oh, I and my Epaulette play the devil with the women!

James. She has a letter for you, Sir.

Col. A letter! Ah! I must—poor Sir Andrew!—he wou'dn't believe I was her darling hope."

James. That she will deliver to nobody but yourself, Sir.

Col. Well; if it must be so—It's very strange what can make the sex adore me so passionately!—It must be my manners, my tender, graceful, insinuating manners! Shew me to her, James; and while their Lordships are fiddling for the good of the nation, I'll amuse myself for the benefit of Sophia, poor Sophia!—Oh, Colonel! Colonel! What fools do you make of the women!

[Exit, followed by James.]

SCENE—SIR ANDREW ACID'S Garden.

Enter SAUNTER.

Saun. Where can my cousin Sophia be loitering! This is the place of assignation, and I see neither her nor the Colonel, nor Sir Andrew—I hope

hope there's no mistake, for on their exposition depends her future happiness.

Enter SOPHIA (hastily.)

Sophia. Oh cousin! my dear cousin, I'm undone! ---As much ruin'd as if I'd never been an authoress, or an actress, or a painter, or a——

Saun. Why, what has happen'd?

Sophia. Lady Acid, unknown to Sir Andrew, has read the assignation you made me send him. ---She is now convinced the love is on my part, and is pursuing me here to be revenged.---Dear me, I wish I had not written to him.

Saun. Not written to him! Unless you'd put a stop to his and the Colonel's vanity, you know you'd have been sent to the country---nay, lost your character, and never shewn your face in fashionable life again.

Sophia. Never shewn my face! Lord! it rather helps one, and, in fashionable life, loss of character makes one's reputation; but what is to become of me! If I'm sent to the country, I shall die, I know I shall, and so suddenly, I shan't have time to write my own life, and run down half my acquaintance.

LADY ACID (without.)

Lady A. Where is this Jezabel! I'll make an example of her.

Sophia. Here she comes, and I shall be lock'd up in an old Country Castle, where there's a constant knocking at the gates to see the apartments; but not a person to enquire after poor I, the prisoner.

G 2

Enter

Enter LADY ACID.

Lady A. So Miss, notwithstanding the warning I gave you, you have been writing an assignation to my husband—and this is the place—look at me---answer me---do you deny it?

Sophia. No, Madam; I own that I wrote such assignations to both the Colonel and Sir Andrew.

Lady A. The Colonel too! mercy on me! wou'dn't one content you.

Sophia. Yes, Madam; but I did it to bring them together, and laugh at them; for indeed they have so teiz'd me——

Lady A. They teiz'd you! here's effrontery! look ye, I know they hate and despise you, and they have both told me a thousand times that your love was troublesome and disgusting.

Saun. Your Ladyship, I can contradict that--- for I have now in my pocket both their answers to Sophia's assignation---each accepts her invitation, and will be here at the time appointed--- besides, you must be sensible that her loving them is a joke.

Lady A. Joke! don't talk to me of jokes, Sir--- I never made one in my life; and I know she loves them as much as they detest her---and it's all owing to her romantic turn of mind, her acting, her writing—

Sophia. Nay, my Lady, don't abuse my talents ---didn't my last production go through four editions?

Lady A. Yes; and why did it? because it was patronized. And now-a-days, it is not the book itself, but the name of the person who writes it!

While

While a woman of fashion shall write a bad work, and have a thousand subscribers, a poor, neglected man of genius shall write a good one, and not have a single patron! if indeed, you had follow'd my advice—written sentimentally and morally—

Sophia. I did Madam--- I did write morally, and what was the consequence! I had made a sum of money by a Novel call'd "Seduction" ---and lost it all by writing an "Essay on Charity;" but indeed, Sir Andrew and the Colonel are to blame, and if you'll wait a moment, you'll see them come to the assignation.

Lady A. They come! they know better—besides despising you, they value my good opinion too highly to trifle with it in this manner—so, retire to the country. *[laying hold of her.*

Saun. Pray hear reason, Madam.

Lady A. I'll hear nothing—she shall be punished! she shall! *(sees SIR ANDREW without)* Bless me! what do I see! my husband capering and smiling!

Sophia. Ay; there's one of them—and see, Madam—yonder's the other.

Lady A. The Colonel as I live!—This is amazing! stand back and let's observe them.

Enter SIR ANDREW, with a letter in his hand.

Enter COL. HUBBUB, with a letter in his hand.

Col. "Thou dear perfidious!"

Sir Andrew. "Thou gay deceiver!"

Sir Andrew. "I adore you, as much as I abhor the Colonel."

Col. "I adolize you as much as I despise Sir Andrew."

Sophia.

Sophia (coming between them, close to the COLONEL) My pretty Colonel!

Col. There! (turning from her in great joy, and putting up his letter.)

Sophia. My charming Baronet! (coming up to SIR ANDREW.)

Sir Andrew. My angel!

SIR ANDREW turns to embrace her—the COLONEL embraces her on the other side—they see one another, SOPHIA stands laughing between them.

Lady A. For shame! for shame! is this your boasted honour, at your time of life—"thou dear perfidious?" (exit COLONEL)—and you, what have you to say for yourself, "thou gay deceiver?"

Sir Andrew. Say! (tearing the letter) why, when one's completely miserable, nothing is so pleasant as to see a friend in the same situation—Hallow, Colonel! (Exit.

Lady A. Sophia, I am now convinc'd of your innocence, and will make you amends by reading your manuscripts, praising your acting, and saying you're so good a letter-writer, that I believe you're the author of Junius. [Exeunt.

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE—*Park.**Enter CLAIRVILLE.*

Clair. My distresses crowd on me so fast, that I will endeavour to see my brother once more; and if he still avoids me, I must banish Honoria from my thoughts, and seek that peace abroad, my enemies deny me here.

Enter O'WHACK (hastily.)

O'Whack. Run—fly!—make your escape, your honour—Arrah! be off before the coquins lay hold of you—By my salvation! when I think of your misfortunes, I can't help taking out my mouchoir—*(taking out his handkerchief and crying.)*

Clair. What is the matter, O'Whack?

O'Whack. The matter! Why, if you don't scamper you'll be bastiled before you can say "Killarney!"

Clair. What can this mean? Explain!

O'Whack. Doucement!—I'll tell you—As I passed yonder promenade, an old friend of mine, who is an officer, or bailiff, d'ye see—told me he was coming to carry your honour to prison—"What, Monsieur Clairville," says I—"the same," says he—"then," says I—"be asy now; for, by St. Patrick, if you touch a hair of his head, I'll soupmaigre you this instant."—Says he,—"I must do my duty." "And I mine,"—says I—"And remember, my honey, it is as asy to have pity in your heart, as it is to spake French without the brogue, ma foi!" This softened

softened him, your honour, and he promised to be a cher amis to you till to-morrow.

Clair. Thanks! my good fellow, thanks!

O'Whack. C'est ne pas tout, tho'—Fanny, Miss Sophia's maid, as pretty a fille de chambre as ever made a faux pas, gave me a bit of a hint, that there was a curst black business in the wind, between your brother, Lord Jargon, and Lady Acid—She thinks they mean to put you in limbo, because Mademoiselle Honoria loves you; and by my soul, if they do, I'll make the old cat cry “Misericorde,” till she's black in the face!

Clair. I won't believe it—I know Lord Jargon loves Honoria; but I can never think, that on that account he'd make a prisoner of his brother—But he's coming this way—I'll talk to him—leave us together.

O'Whack. That I will with all my heart and soul, for I can't bear to put my eyes upon him—Bon repos to your honour—I'll give you a call in the morning, and, in the mean time, be debonnaire, d'ye see—I'll carry you through, depend on't.

Clair. My kind fellow—how shall I repay you?

O'Whack. Oh, your honour, I never forget an obligation, tho' I may an injury—You sav'd me in danger, and if I don't do mon possible to bother all your enemies! say I'm not the bonne bouche of the O'Whack's, that's all! [Exit.

Clair. I cannot, will not suspect him of such treachery—tho' he has been long dead to brotherly affection, he never can be capable of such inhumanity.

Enter

Enter LORD JARGON.

Lord Jar. (aside) This poor wretch here! I was in hopes he was disposed of.

Clair. Brother, a word; I have a favour to intreat of you; for necessity, extreme necessity compels me—in short, if you do not assist me, I shall be arrested in an hour, and in jail perhaps the remainder of my life.

Lord Jar. Arrested! Who can be so hard-hearted, Harry? You know my friendship and liberality; but as to lending you money, that's a thing I can't make up my mind to.

Clair. The sum I require is small, my Lord—A few hundreds will convey me far from the persecution of my creditors; and by retirement and œconomy, in a few years, perhaps, I shall be able to repay you with honour; and once more appear in the world as your Lordship's brother.

Lord Jar. I hope you may, Harry;—but petitions are so numerous——

Clair. Petition! 'Tis my demand, Sir! When the old Lord died, you know he left his fortune to you, in the full conviction you would provide for me—and this is the return! While you are affluent enough to squander thousands in the whirlpool of fashion, you are cruel enough to see a brother waste his life in poverty! But, go on, my Lord—exult and riot in my father's riches—I will be prouder of his virtues!

Lord Jar. Oh, the old cant! You never heard me utter a sentiment in your life---Never! for the man who boasts of virtue and feeling, seldom practises either the one or the other---But you detain me, Harry---I am going to sigh away an hour with Honoria.

Clair. [eagerly] With Honoria, brother?

H

Lord

Lord Far. Yes, with Honoria, brother! Don't you envy me my triumph?

Clair. Ungenerous man! Is it not enough to abandon me to the world, a beggar, and a wanderer, but you must wound me in the tenderest point---distract me with such thoughts---but I have done---Farewell, my Lord! perhaps we shall never meet again!---I now suspect him, and will warn Honoria of her danger! [*aside*]

Lord Far. Adieu, Harry!---Shall I tell the charming girl any thing about you?

Clair. Yes, Sir;--tell her, pursued by enemies, and deserted by my friends, I know not where to fly for safety! Tell her, not so much on my own account, I lament my misfortunes, as on her's; since, abject and forsaken as I am, I cannot shelter or protect her! Tell her, I once hoped--forgive my weakness [*weeping*]---but if you have one spark of pity for the lost Clairville, bestow it on Honoria---Be her friend, and you shall still be mine---Farewell! [*Exit.*]

Lord Far. Ay; go your ways; you'll never see her again---For here comes the chair that gives me possession of her for ever.

Enter Chairmen with chair.

Sit it down, and wait till I return---I must step over to my house, to order servants to be near at hand; for tho' I'm determined not to be violent---yet, if she demurs, I'll force her!---I'll---

Enter NOMINAL, half drunk, singing.

Nom. Ha! Peer! my boy, how are you.---I hate wine; but I've been drinking to keep up my character, and I'm the most unlucky dog alive---I've been searching every where for an adventure, and can't find one---I can't get into notice!

Lord

Lord Jar. Can't you?

Nom. No; I can't make myself conspicuous! and yet I've been absurd, particular, and noisy—But what signifies? every body else is the same! The whole town's so ridiculous, that to be stared at, a man should be as quiet, and as dull as—a simile! Heh, Peer! [*taking snuff, and offering LORD JARGON some.*]

Lord Jar. How can you drink, I hate it—If I indulged myself in such odious customs, do you think I should be a favourite with the women? [*taking a pinch.*]

Nom. Favourite with the women! Ay, there's the rub! If I could get the fame of an intrigue, or an elopement, or any other sweet impropriety! oh!

Lord Jar. Intrigue or elopement!—Um!

Nom. Um! Why, what's the matter with you?

Lord Jar. Look ye, Nominal—nothing is so shocking as to impart secrets, or boast of a Lady's favours—It's what I never do, Sir—Else I could tell you—

Nom. Tell me!—what?

Lord Jar. That I am this moment going on both an intrigue and an elopement!

Nom. The devil you are! who? when? where? open, unfold, you amiable!—you surprizing senator!

Lord Jar. Fie! do you think I'd betray the confidence of the fair? No, if I was only to hint to you that, that chair—that very chair was to take me to a certain Baronet's house, instead of a wax figure—

Nom. Wax-figure! Go on—dispatch! I'm all on fire! wheugh! [*rubbing his hands and shewing signs of great joy.*]

H 2

Lord

Lord Jar. I say, I should be the greatest rascal living, if I was only to hint that I intrigued with the Baronet's wife, that she was to conduct me to the chamber of a young lady, and that their names were——

Nom. Hang their names! only let me understand; that chair, you say, takes you to the lady with whom you intrigue, and she conducts you to the girl with whom you elope [*Lord nods assent*] Bravo, my boy! bravo! Give me your hand; and now, curse me if I can help laughing, to think how they'll all be surprized! ha, ha, ha!

Lord Jar. No, nor I—The old husband little thinks who's coming to make a fool of him! ha, ha, ha! But, excuse me a moment—I must step over the way to order servants to be near the house—Stay till I return, and you'll see what a figure I'll make in the chair.

Nom. Yes, yes—I'll stay—But go over the way—Get along with you, wheugh!

Lord Jar. I say, Nominal, I fancy you'd like to go in the chair instead of me, ha, ha, ha!

Nom. Yes, that I would, ha, ha, ha!

[*Exit Lord Jargon.*]

And if I don't!—if I don't perch myself in the centre of it—dam'me if I know any thing of fame, or notoriety! Gad, this is the luckiest hit—I might have been whole years luring one woman into an intrigue, or another into an elopement—but here's the business ready cut out to my hands; and, therefore, that no time may be lost—you two coronet supporters [*laying hold of chairmen*] open the chair, and let me be the Peer's proxy!—Take me to the Baronet's directly, or by all that's singular—

First Chairman. Blood and ounds! is the man beside himself?

Nom.

Nom. [*shaking them.*] No trifling!—Here's a purse and a pistol! Money or murder! Take your choice this moment!

Second Chairman. Take the money, Pat, take the money!

Nom. Here you rogues, here! [*giving purse.*] And now I swear, whatever were his Lordship's designs, mine shall be harmless and honourable! All I want is the fame of the thing, and if I can get that, hang me if I'll fatigue myself or the Ladies! So, open the chair, and away, my boys! [*gets in and looks from window.*] When you see his Lordship, tell him the next time he is going on an amour, not to mention it before hand—Lead on to notoriety!—Drink and drive care away!

[*Exit in chair.*]

Re-enter LORD JARGON.

Lord Jar. Now, Nominal, now you shall see what a figure I'll cut in the chair!—How! what! gone! the chair too! S'death! I cut a very pretty figure indeed!—But, I'll be revenged—I'll follow him, and have satisfaction directly; and for Clairville and Honoria, I'll betray one, and imprison the other! I will, as I'm a gentleman and a man of honour!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE—LADY ACID'S *Dressing Room—Toilette*
—Doors open in Flat—and Part of a Bed seen—
Chairs and Candles.

Enter HONORIA with a letter.

Hon. Can it be possible? Can she who should protect me, thus betray me? I will not, dare not believe it! and yet would Clairville terrify

rify me with false suspicions? Let me read the letter once more—(*reads*) “ I have been just informed, that Lord Jargon and Lady Acid have designs against you, and that, to-night, they mean to put their villainy in execution—I hope they cannot be so treacherous; but as you love my peace or your own, be on your guard—beware Honoria! and remember the unhappy Clairville!” If it be true, how shall I extricate myself? The Colonel is so convinced of Lady Acid’s honour, that all supplication to him would be in vain—Alas! I have no friend to succour or defend me, and helpless as I am—Ha! she comes! I dread to meet her.

Enter LADY ACID.

Lady A. How! not gone to your chamber, Honoria?

Hon. I’m going, Madam—her very look alarms me (*aside*.)

Lady A. What is the girl muttering? I declare you grow more and more forward and impertinent every hour—but I’ll humble you—I’ll make an example of you!

Hon. (kneeling) Oh! on my knees let me entreat your pity! do not desert me, do not abandon me—promise me I shall not be in the power of Lord Jargon, and I’ll be your slave for ever.

Lady A. Lord Jargon! why, what’s the fool thinking of? Have you lost your senses?

Hon. No—not yet, Madam—but if I retain them, it must be by your humanity—you have often said that you would be a mother to me—be so now—save me from this hour of danger, and——

Lady

Lady A. Danger ! let me hear no more of this insolence, but be gone !——

Enter BETTY, follow'd by Chairmen with Chair.

Betty. The chair with the figure, your Ladyship.

Lady A. Put it down and leave it (*exeunt Betty and Chairmen.*) Now comes my triumph ! (*aside*) How ! not gone yet, Miss ? Retire this instant, or——

Hon. I obey, Madam—Oh ! what, what will become of me ? (*Exit.*)

Lady A. There she goes ! and now for my dear, dear Lord ! (*taps at chair window*) Lord Jargon ! Lord Jargon ! come forth, and my dear Lord, ensure your prize—[*NOMINAL lets down the front glass, looks at her, and nods*] Heavens ! what do I see ?

Nom. No Lord—or wax figure, but as lively a fellow as ever you intrigued with—(*spying*) Fine jolly woman.

Lady A. Who are you ? has his Lordship sent you to insult me ?

Nom. No ; he has sent me, not to disappoint you ; (*spying again*) Rather fat tho'— (*knock*)

Lady A. Mercy ! there's my husband !

Nom. [*eagerly*] Your husband ! Tell me, my darling, tell me, is he jealous ?

Lady A. Jealous !—to an extreme !

Nom. What ! he'll bring an action, and sue for a divorce ?

Lady A. Yes.

Nom. Paragraph and caricature me ?

Lady A. Certainly.

Nom. Challenge and fight me ?

Lady A. Undoubtedly.

Nom. Huzza ! bravo ! I'm made ! I'm immortaliz'd ! let me out, and let him in directly.

COLONEL

COLONEL HUBBUB *without.*

Col. In her dressing room is she? never mind—I have the privilege of going into it.

Lady A. The Colonel! worse and worse!

Nom. My guardian! zounds! he mustn't discover me here.

Lady A. Sir, if you have any gallantry, or—

Nom. Say no more, my dove, I'm snug (*putting up window*) good b'ye, I'll make you comfortable.— (*nodding and shutting himself in.*)

Enter COL. HUBBUB.

Lady A. Colonel, I rejoice to see you.

Col. I beg pardon, Madam, for this intrusion, but when you know my business, I think you'll forgive me—I come to give Honoria to Lord Jargon.

Lady A. Is't possible, Colonel?

Col. Yes; I have made up my mind at last—the high opinion I have of your honour, and the great respect I entertain for his Lordship, as your friend, has tempted me to sign this deed of settlement—(*producing one*) which gives him Honoria with a fortune of 30,000*l.*

Lady A. My dear Colonel, you delight me.

Col. Ay; she will be then safe from the artifices of Clairville, and your virtuous wishes will be satisfied—you know I once design'd her for my ward Nominal.

Lady A. Yes; but he is too dissipated and profligate.

Col. He profligate! why, he's the most studious, stupid blockhead alive; I dare say he is now
in.

in his library, poring over Puffendorf or hemming
[*mimicking*] with Paul Prig.

Lady A. Well! I never saw him, Colonel; but I've heard he's the most noisy riotous young man in town—has his amours—his—

Col. Amours! I should as soon suspect your Ladyship of an intrigue, as he—Noisy and riotous too! Oh that he was! I'd give him a Borough to-morrow. [*NOMINAL here raises the top of chair, and pops his head out.*]

Nom. Hem! [*retires directly.*]

Col. Zounds! what's that [*going towards chair*] the devil! here's somebody in the chair!

Lady A. Ha, ha! you'll laugh when I tell you what it is—it's a purchase of Sophia's.

Col. Purchase! I swear I saw a man's head.

Lady A. A man! Ha, ha! that's very good! it's a wax figure.

Col. A wax figure!

Lady A. Yes; and as Sir Andrew knows nothing of it, I intreat you not to tell him.

Col. Oh, I understand—what, it's to supply his place when he's out of the way—well, well! [*trying to look at it.*]

Lady A. Fie, Colonel! an't you asham'd to look at a Lady's curiosities? Positively if you don't come away, I'll have it removed [*pulling him away.*] But how could you suppose it to be a man? suspect me of an intrigue!

Col. I don't suspect you—I believe you to be all virtue, tenderness and truth.

Enter SIR ANDREW ACID,

Sir Andrew. Ay, ay; I'll tell her myself—
[*speaking as he enters.*] My dear, Lord Jargon is below, and desires to see you directly.

Lady A. I'm busy, Sir Andrew, let him wait.

I

Col,

Col. [*aside to Lady*] No, no—softly—I have a thought—is Honoria at home?

Lady A. Yes; she's in the next room.

Col. Then, hark ye, as his Lordship is below, go to him and tell him my intentions, and if he approves, he shall have Honoria this very moment.

Lady A. I will, Colonel—O Lord! here is Sir Andrew—As you regard me, don't mention the figure—If that fellow is discovered, my character's lost for ever [*aside.*] [*Exit.*]

Enter SIR ANDREW.

Sir Andrew. So, dear perfidious!

Col. So, gay deceiver! Ah, Sir Andrew, you ought to blush for your inconstancy—so good, so faithful a wife, as Lady Acid!

Sir Andrew. It's very true, Colonel; and if I didn't think it would make her too happy, I'd own my errors—She is indeed all virtue—I'll tell you what—she has all your gaieties, with your ward Nominal's prudence.

Col. Plague take you! Am I never to hear of any thing but that stupid dog's prudence? But your wife, Sir Andrew—All her amusements are so innocent!—Wax now—She prefers wax to real life [*looking round at chair.*]

Sir Andrew. Wax!

Col. Yes; tho' she'd die before she'd have a young man in her room, I don't think she has much objection to a wax-figure.

Sir Andrew. Wax-figure! Why, what the devil are you at?

Col. I didn't say there was one in a sedan chair, did I?

Nom.

Nom. No, but I do though---Zounds, would you keep me in obscurity!

NOMINAL walks solemnly out between him and the COLONEL. They stand astonished.

LADY ACID re-enters.

Sir Andrew. Zounds, the wax-figure is a live gallant!

Col. Yes, and my studious ward is a dashing dog at last!

Nom. Yes! it's I, guardy, who was a student in the morning; who caned you at night—who will fight that gentleman, who intrigues with this lady [*embracing LADY ACID*] and will elope with any body! And what's more, who rejoices to discover himself, because he exposes hypocrisy, and saves an innocent girl from misery.

Col. [*dancing and singing*] Ti, di, di, di! he has it! he has it! he has it! the rogue's the true thing after all—Come to thy old guardian's arms! Let me gaze on thy dear face—There it is! The real tumultuous dashing look! You dog, you shall come into Parliament to-morrow.

Lady A. Are you mad, Colonel?

Sir Andrew. Ay; dam'me, are you mad, Colonel?

Col. [*to LADY ACID*] Out of the way, dissembler! I know you now, and despise you—But is he a real man of sense at last! Will he give up Westminster Hall, Puffendorf, and Paul Prig, to intrigue, elope, fight a Baronet, and cane a Colonel in the guards? Oh, 'tis too much! Give me joy, old boy!

Sir Andrew. Good night [*going.*]

Lady A. Sir Andrew, I insist on a hearing.

Nom. Stay, Baronet—I hope you're satisfied.

Sir A. Satisfied of what?

Nom. That it's I, and not any body else who intrigues with this all-virtuous woman--Upon my soul it's me—And do mention it every where, do, there's a sweet smiling pleasant fellow; say it's me, and we'll all get into print together.

Sir Andrew. Damnation!

[*Exit.*

Lady A. Hear me, Sir Andrew—I'll follow him and explain the business directly—For you, Colonel, I leave you to your delusion, and for your prudent ward—Oh, was there ever any thing so unlucky!

[*Exit.*

Col. Go your ways, hypocrite!—And now, my boy, my darling, let's to supper, and crown the night with mirth and merriment—Odsheart! What a likeness of me, and his old uncle! Come, for I do so long to hear the history of your pranks.

Nom. Ay; you shall hear them all, from Paul Prig to the justice—from the peer to the wax-figure; and then, if you don't say, I'm as eccentric and ridiculous as you wish me—why, I'll never beat a jack-ass again, as long as I live.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE—*Outside of SIR ANDREW'S House.**Enter O'WHACK.*

O'Whack. Oh ! my poor master !—he's dead !
butchered ! murdered ! shot in a duel, by that
Bourgeois Peer, Lord Jargon ! Misericordie !
Misericordie ! What shall I do to bring him to
life again ? I'll go home—I'll——

Enter SAUNTER.

Saun. So, O'Whack—Lord Jargon has called
out my friend Nominal, in consequence of the
affair at Lady Acid's.

O'Whack. C'est vrais, your honour—and he'll
never go out again—Il est mort—[weeping.]

Saun. How !

O'Whack. He's dead—dead as King Lear.

Saun. Astonishing ! Who told you this ?

O'Whack. Myself ! my own sad self ! I always
said, when Mr. Nominal went out to fight a ren-
contre——

Saun. What !

O'Whack. That he was too much of a gentle-
man to come home alive again—Oh ! he and
Blunder O'Whack are one for that—But, your
honour, is there no way of putting a little breath
into him ?

Saun. Ridiculous ! you know nothing of the
matter, I see—and I'm all anxiety to hear the
issue of this unhappy duel.

O'Whack. Et moi aussi—and I'll go home and
wait for his relief.—Oh, he's dead ! he's dead !

And

And here am I, a solitaire, in the wide world by myself! [Exit.]

Saun. Where can I gain intelligence? I have a thousand fears for my friend—Lord Jargon, I know, is full of animosity, and Nominal is too fond of fame, to make him an apology—Poor fellow! if he should be killed, or even wounded.

Enter NOMINAL.

Nom. Wounded! Why, here I am, George; as sound and as merry—Wounded!—Oh, you dull dog!

Saun. Dull! Why, from your servant's account I might suppose you were dead.

Nom. Dead! Pshoo! Do you think I don't know better? Hark ye, since we're alone, I'll let you into a secret.—Lord Jargon wanted to challenge me, but cou'dn't summon up courage; so, sooner than lose the glory of a combat with so great a man, I consented to [*whispering him*] you understand me, we fought to satisfy the town, not ourselves.

Saun. Satisfy the town! how do you mean?

Nom. How do I mean? Why, do you think we fought to please ourselves? Nonsense! That's been gone by long ago—No, no; the case was this—He was compelled to fight to save his reputation, and I chose to fight, to get a name! So we kept up appearance, measured ground, exchanged shots, seconds interfered—applauded our spirit, signed the report—And now we're both men of honour as long as we live!—There, you rogue—shot ourselves into notice.

Saun. Bravo! And while the world is sanguinary enough to compel those to bleed like heroes, who wish to live like men; why, you and his lordship may glory in having tricked them. But since

since my cares on your account are over—allow me to enquire at this house after my cousin Sophia—Poor girl! Sir Andrew has behaved to her in a manner so cruel and inhuman—

SOPHIA opens the window.

Sophia. Cousin—Cousin!—I'm lock'd up—I can't get out—Sir Andrew has confined me in this room, till he sends me to the country for life.

Nom. Here's a pretty business!

Saun. What! he was offended at the sham assignation, was he?

Sophia. So he says—But I know it's all owing to his wife—He is so out of humour with her, that he must be revenged on somebody! Cousin, won't you assist me? Will you let me be buried in woods, and waste my youth with fat calves and sucking pigs?

Nom. No; before you shall waste an hour, I'll kill all the fat calves and sucking pigs in England—Fair lady, if your cousin don't release you, I will—Gad, I was only thinking of an elopement, and pop she comes to my purpose.

Saun. Be patient, Sophia—I'll go directly to the Colonel, and request his interference with Sir Andrew—But hush! the old tyrant's coming this way—Shut down the window, and depend on my protection.

Nom. And on mine, sweet excellence!

[*SOPHIA disappears.*]

Faith! that is the luckiest house—Last night I helped a gentleman into it, and to day, perhaps, I may hand a lady out of it—I'll have her, whoever she is—My dear Saunter, tell me what's her name?

Saun.

Saun. Don't you know her ? It's Sir Andrew's ward, Sophia; a great authoress, and private actress.

Nom. A private actress ! that's a public character ! Then there's a pair of us, and if we elope, we shall alarm all Europe !

Saun. She has heard of you, Nominal, and between ourselves, has a great prepossession in your favour—She loves singularity, and is consequently so fond of your character——

Nom. There ! I said it would happen—the moment I got the fame of a duel and an intrigue, I knew no woman could stand me ! But George, my boy ! how can I see her ? speak to her ? Is there no way ?

Saun. None, unless you can prevail on her guardian—here he is ! try him—For my part, I'll to the Colonel.

Nom. I will—I'll try him, George, and if I can coax him into an interview [*exit SAUNTER*] I'll humour him, give him a touch in his own way.

Enter SIR ANDREW ACID.

Sir Andrew. Plague on them all, I say ! But chiefly that devil incarnate, that Nominal !

Nom. Sir Andrew, I want to ask a favour of you.

Sir Andrew. Do you ? I never grant any, Sir.

Nom. Nay, you don't know me, Sir Andrew—if you did, you'd grant me any thing---I am a man after your own heart [*in a melancholy voice*] I am, indeed, so out of humour with the world---that, like you, I wish to see every body in it as miserable as myself——

Sir Andrew. You do, do you ?

Nom. Yes, indeed, Sir---and if you knew how misanthropically I spent my time---Oh, I once
passed

passed such a happy day, Sir Andrew! Exactly in your own way---I'll tell you-----

Sir Andrew. Exactly in my way!

Nom. Yes, Sir; I awoke at five, and saw a neighbour's house on fire! was second in a duel at six, and my man lost the tip of his ear! dined at four, and something in the wine that made six of my acquaintance sick—drank tea, and intrigued with my friend's wife till eight—a fat lady!—went to the new comedy, saw it completely damned—supped with the poor devil of an author; and to conclude, lodged six of the actors in the round-house! there! wasn't that a happy day! And now, let me see your ward?

Sir Andrew. See Sophia! zounds! neither you, nor any body else shall ever see her again! That chaise—[*points to one without*] is waiting to take her to the country directly, and she shall live and die in an old castle on a brown moor.

Nom. Shall she?

Sir Andrew. Yes; I'll be revenged on her for you all! And so your servant—

[*knocking at his own door.*]

Nom. Stay, thou dear connoisseur in wax-figures, and tell me, how's your wife?

Sir Andrew. Out of the way, Sir!—I'll punish her too—and for you and the rest—

Nom. Ay; you'd play the devil with all mankind if you could.

Sir Andrew. If they were like you, I would; for then the world would be so wicked, that an honest man cou'dn't make too much mischief! But because my wife has deceived me, don't think my ward shall—No, no; I have her safe, I'll teach her to make affignations—[*servant opens door.*] And so, once more your servant, prudent Mr. Student!

[*enters house.*]

Nom.

K

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[*enters house.*]

K

Nom.

Nom. I shall lose her! here'll be no elopement! no being pursued by her relations—hunted by the court of chancery—advertized by government, or what's best of all, carried to the Fleet or King's Bench, midst the shouts of old maids, and groans of boarding school misses!

Enter SOPHIA from the house, with her cloak on.

Sophia. So—Heaven be praised, I have made my escape—and now, if I knew where to fly for protection---

Nom. [*having observed her*] Fly into my arms, my angel—I'll put you into that chaise in a moment, out of town in an instant, at Gretna Green in a second, and in all the news-papers and print-shops before to-morrow morning!

Sophia. Upon my word, Sir, I'm very much obliged to you! [*curtsies.*] Pray, may I ask who you are?

Nom. Who I am? Why, if you don't know me, you know nothing—I'm Nominal.

Sophia. Nominal! Is it possible? What! the gentleman who so generously released me from the Colonel, and has since made so much noise and confusion?

Nom. Yes; I'm the man! I've made a noise! and if you love notoriety—you must prefer me to all heroes, past, present, or to come! My angel! [*takes her hand*] where shall I conduct you? As far, or as near as you please—[*aside.*] I shall get as much fame by two miles, as two hundred—for though I mean to be honourable, I know the world is two scandalous to think me so!

Sophia. Ah! I wish I could depend on you—You see I've no resource—I must either return to the tyranny of my guardian, or trust to your honour and generosity.

Nom.

Nom. Trust! Look ye, my charming girl! I've had an intrigue without an intimacy—a duel without enmity, and I meant to have had an elopement without matrimony! But, by Heaven! there's something in your person and manner, has so won upon me! that, let me have the fame of carrying you off, and hereafter you shall dispose of me as you please!

Sophia. I believe you; and if you will conduct me to a relation's house, a few miles from town—

Nom. Come along, Sophia!—Faith! I've been so long looking for a creature so eccentric as myself, that now I've found one, I'll not easily part with it!

SIR ANDREW *within.*

Sir Andrew. Where are you all—James!

Sophia. My guardian's voice—make haste, Sir.

Nom. Farewell, old misery, and once more for notoriety—
[*Exit with Sophia.*]

Re-enter SIR ANDREW from house.

Sir Andrew. There they go! that devil of a fellow has carried her off! I'll pursue them—I'll—

Enter COLONEL HUBBUB.

Col. [*speaking to Nominal*] Huzza! that's right—away with her.—Look, old boy! look there!—First he intrigues with your wife, and then he elopes with your ward! Isn't he a fine fellow? Isn't he like me?

Sir Andrew. Yes; he's as like you, as one madman is like another—but I'll overtake him! I'll make him studious again, or beat him as soundly as he beat you! I'll be revenged!

[*Exit.*
Col.]

Col. I knew I should bring him up to some purpose! Instead of practising law, he'll promote it now, and then for a general election—Oh! what a scene will he make at a general election!

Enter O'WHACK.

O'Whack. And has your honour found him out at last? by my soul, I always said he was as full of mischief as yourself, ma foi.

Col. Yes; that he is! he's me in every thing; and here, thou dear tutor, here's something for the pains you have taken in finishing his education [*giving him money.*]

O'Whack. Bien obligé, your honour! I never wanted the dear craters more in my life; for there's a fine young jontleman just thrown into prison, who hasn't a sou to save him from starvation—So, d'ye see, as he once did me a bit of a service, I'll do him another; and then there'll be no mauvaire houte betwixt us, you know—

Col. What is his name, O'Whack?

O'Whack. Monsieur Clairville! poor lad! I believe he was just going to the Eastern Indies to bring home a large fortune in his pocket, and a little hole in his liver.

Col. Clairville in prison!

O'Whack. C'est vrais, jewel—his brother, who is a lord, and not a gentleman d'ye see, had him tap'd on the shoulder, and thrown into jail for a thousand louis d'ors.

Col. I know his brother's treachery well; and now rejoice that Nominal befriended Clairville, instead of injuring him—But go to him, O'Whack, tell him, I'll see Lord Jargon, and do all in my power to assist him—Go, and comfort him.

O'Whack.

O'Whack. I'll go directly, and ten thousand blessings on your honour in the bargain—Bon jour! Oh! by the eternal powers! I wish we had his Lordship in Ireland—I'd lay my best cha-peau to a thirteen, he'd never make a speech about the good of his country again. [*Exit.*

Col. Poor Clairville! I'll enquire into the matter instantly, and then to hear what Nominal has done with Sophia—Oh! the dear fellow! Now

*The breed will be preserv'd from fire to fire,
And future Hubbubs keep the world on fire.*

SCENE—*An apartment with glass doors—Enter HONORIA from 'doors, and seeing LADY ACID entering, shuts them in great agitation.*

Hon. Heavens! Lady Acid!

Lady A. What's the matter with you now? What makes you look so pale?

Hon. Nothing, Ma'am! nothing—

Lady A. I come to tell you, that, that wretch Clairville is in prison, and will remain there for ever; unless you have discretion enough to accept Lord Jargon's offers—then he'll be released—Nay, none of your airs—his Lordship is honourable; he means marriage.

Hon. Marriage! can his Lordship have the condescension?—

Lady A. Yes; and see where he comes to make his own proposals.

Enter LORD JARGON.

I've been telling Honoria, my Lord, that you'll have the humanity to release your profligate brother

ther from prison, if she'll consent to share your title and fortune.

Lord Jar. Am I to be the happy man?

Hon. Never, my Lord!

Lord Jar. How! Never!

Hon. No.—Let me be the simple Honoria, and enjoy self approbation, rather than be the wife of your Lordship, and lose the congratulations of my own heart.

Lady A. Hear me, Honoria—think of the title, the fashion!

Hon. Fashion! contemptible! I'm weary of the very word! What has it ever done, that there should be such magic in the sound? 'Tis true, it has thrown a veil over vice, exalted the undeserving, and given a sanction to dissipation; but has it ever relieved poverty, lessened oppression, or wiped away the tear of suffering virtue! name it not then—nor name his Lordship as a husband—I shall treat both with equal disdain.

Lord Jar. More sentiments! and where they came from, Heaven only knows!

Lady A. Mighty fine, Madam; but since you're so arrogant, the Colonel shall be told of your behaviour—he shall hear of your mean mercenary disposition—What! though you pretend to despise his Lordship, you can receive jewels from him.

Hon. Jewels! Heaven's! Was I not compell'd, Madam?

Lady A. No matter—the proof is against you—they are in your possession, and when your uncle hears of it, I'm sure he won't refuse his Lordship's offers.

Enter

Enter COL. HUBBUB.

Col. Won't he? But he will tho'! Tho' I love a lad of spirit, I detest premeditated villainy as much as any man—Your brother Clairville is in prison, my Lord; and I'm told by your means.

Hon. Yes, Sir—'tis so—by his, his brother's means.

Lady A. Peace! and let me speak—Colonel, notwithstanding your prejudices against me and Lord Jargon, I know when you hear the conduct of this mean avaricious girl, you'll confess, that his Lordship has a greater claim to her than any other man—You'll allow fine diamonds are rare things!

Col. Yes; next to modesty and good sense, the rarest things now-a-days to be met with.

Lady A. Then, Sir, with shame I mention it, she has receiv'd a necklace from his Lordship, worth a thousand pounds.

Col. How! Is this true, my Lord?

Lord Jar. I can't answer you—but I won't deny it.

Lady A. She will tell you, that I compell'd her to accept the necklace; but even if that were the case, she might have returned it to his Lordship long ere this time.

Col. 'Tis too plain! I see it by her blushes—Base, sordid girl! where are the diamonds? Produce and give them back to his Lordship, or I swear—Go fetch them instantly—What! do you hesitate?

Hon. I have not the necklace by me, Sir—I—

Col. What have you done with it then?

Hon. To confess the truth, Sir—I have sold it!

Col.

Col. and Lady. Sold it!

Hon. Yes, Sir; to redeem a picture—to—

Col. A picture! give a thousand pounds for a picture—Let's see that!

Lady A. See! she hesitates again! Oh! it's all an imposition, and my Lord has been defrauded out of his diamonds.

Hon. Wait but a moment, and I'll shew you how he has been defrauded.

Opens glass doors, and leads out CLAIRVILLE.

Here is the jewel the necklace has redeemed—
Here is a treasure worth ten times it's value! and
here is the man I shall adore as long as I live—
[embracing him.]

Col. Clairville!

Clair. Yes; that Clairville, who must have sunk a victim to your's [to Lady] and his Lordship's artifices, had not this lovely angel stretched out her hand, and saved me from destruction.

Col. Well! this is the prettiest picture I ever saw! Look, my Lord; Look, Lady Acid.

Lord Jar. I never was better pleased in my life—ha, ha!—Damnation!

Col. Nay, pray look—you'll not see such a picture again, and what's better, you'll never see your diamonds again—Clairville; I give you joy, and almost wish you Honoria's husband; but I've left all that to my ward—the dear boy has the sole disposal of her.

Lady A. Has he? then I hope he'll marry her himself—Any thing rather than she should be thrown away on a pitiful younger brother.

Enter NOMINAL with SOPHIA.

Nom. Here we are!—the two wonders of the age—The elopement's all over the town already—
And

And now what do you think is the next piece of mischief we're resolved on ?

Col. What ?

Nom. Marriage.

Col. Marriage !

Nom. Ay ; so it is—I never thought of it—but two such eccentric creatures are fit for nothing but each other—We've hurried ourselves into it, and what's more, we've hurried Sir Andrew into it—And now, if you'll consent—but dispatch—intreat you be quick—for the Lady's on fire and I'm—ugh !

Col. Why, Sophia, is this true ?

Sophia. Even so, Colonel ! You were so inconstant, that I was obliged to accept another gay deceiver.

Col. Well, well ; take her with all my heart ; so the glorious breed is preserved, I don't care who it's by—But, you rogue, you must give up singularity now.

Nom. Must I ! No—I'll be more singular than ever—I'll be so true, so faithful, and so constant a husband, that the whole fashionable world shall laugh at me !

Lady A. [*aside to Lord*] This is fortunate !—Now he's married himself, perhaps he may give you Honoria---ask him.

Lord Jar. I will [*aside.*] Nominal, a word.

Nom. What, my little antagonist !

Lord Jar. I know you are as much above receiving a bribe, as I am of offering one ; but if you'll make Honoria mine, I'll give you half her fortune.

L

Nom.

Nom. If you'd give me your own into the bargain, I wou'dn't dispose of her so dishonourably --No, no ; your brother is my friend, and if I have any interest in Honoria, I hope she may be his for ever---And now, all I recommend to you, and my old acquaintance here [*to Lady Acid*] is, to leave the world and take the wax-figure along with you! [*Exit Lady.*]

* *Col.* That's right, my boy!---Every thing shall be joined to-night---Hands, hearts and estates ! I'll give Clairville property, and if his Lordship has any more presents, another diamond necklace---Why, he may settle it on the first child.

Nom. Won't you follow her, my Lord ?

Lord Jar. I follow her! not for a thousand worlds!---Lady Acid !

[*Exit, calling Lady Acid.*]

Enter SIR ANDREW.

Sophia. Sir Andrew, I hope you've forgiven me every thing.

Sir Andrew. Yes, yes ; you, and your kindred genius have tormented me so much, that I could not be better revenged, than by marrying you together-- I've lost a wife, and the student has found one, that's all.

Col. " Which has the better bargain."---Ods life ! old boy, an't you delighted to see us all so merry.

Sir Andrew. Faith ! I think I am---but don't be too hard upon me---don't be too merry---lest the devil that's within me, should tempt me to make long faces again.

Nom.

Nom. If he does, it must be at another time,
and in another place.

*Good humour reigns so absolutely here,
That when there's cause for censure, none we fear.
So great their candour! they so seldom blame,
That even Nominal may get a name ;
And Notoriety—be crown'd with fame,* }

THE END.



